Ro. O God I haue an ill diuining soule,
Me thinkes I see thee now, thou art so lowe,
As one dead in the bottome of a tombe,
Either my eye-sight failes, or thou lookest pale.
Rom. And trust me loue, in my eye so doe you:
Drie sorrow drinkes our bloud. Adue, adue.

Exit

Iu. O Fortune, Fortune, all men call thee fickle,
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowmd for faith? be fickle Fortune:
For then I hope thou wilt not keepe him long,
But send him backe.

Enter Mother.

La. Ho daughter, are you vp?
Iu. VVho is't that calls? it is my Lady mother,
Is she not downe so Late or vp so early?
VVhat vnaccustomd cause procures her either?
La. VVhy how now *Iulet*.
Iu. Madam I am not well.
La. Euermore weeping for your Cozins death?
VVhat wilt thou wash him from his graue with teares?
And if thou could'st, thou could'st not make him liue:
Therefore haue done, some griefe shewes much of loue,
But much of griefe, shewes still some want of wit.
Iu. Yet let me weepe, for such a feeling losse,
La. So shall you feele the losse, but not the friend
VVhich you weepe for.
Iu. Feeling so the losse,
I cannot chuse but euer weepe the friend.
La. VVell girle, thou weepst not so much for his death,
As that the villaine liues which slaughtered him.
Iu. VVhat villaine Madam?
La. That same villaine *Romeo*.
Iu. Villaine and he be many miles a sunder:
God pardon, I doe withall my heart:
And yet no man like he, doth grieue my heart.

La. That

La. That is because the Traitor liues.
Iu. I Madam from the reach of these my hands:
Would none but I might venge my Cozins death.
La. We will haue vengeance for it, feare thou not.
Then weepe no more, Ile send to one in *Mantua*,
Where that same banisht runnagate doth liue,
Shall giue him such an vnaccustomd dram,
That he shall soone keepe *Tibalt* company:
And then I hope thou wilt be satisfied.
Iu. Indeede I neuer shall be satisfied
With *Romeo*, till I behold him. Dead
Is my poore heart so for a kinsman vext:
Madam if you could find out but a man
To beare a poyson, I would temper it:
That *Romeo* should vpon receit thereof,
Soone sleepe in quiet. O how my heart abhors
To heare him namde and cannot come to him,
To wreake the loue I bore my Cozin,
Vpon his body that hath slaughtered him.
Mo. Find thou the meanes, and ile find such a man,
But now ile tell thee ioyfull tidings Gyrle.
Iu. And ioy comes well in such a needy time,
What are they, beseech your Ladyship?
M. VVell, well, thou hast a carefull father child.
One who to put thee from thy heauines,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of ioy,
That thou expects not, nor I lookt not for.
Iu. Madam in happy time, what day is that?
M. Marry my child, early next Thursday morne,
The gallant, young, and Noble Gentleman,
The Countie *Paris* at Saint *Peters* Church,
Shall happly make thee there a ioyfull Bride.
Iu. Now by Saint *Peters* Church, and *Peter* too,
He shall not make me there a ioyfull Bride.
I wonder at this hast, that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo:

I pray